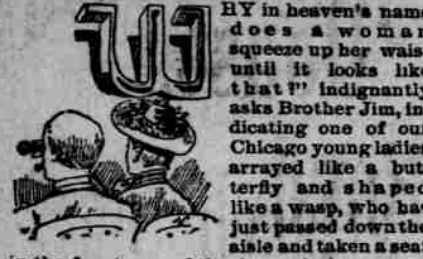


# "A SETTLER."

Brother Jim Critchless Woman's Folks in Dress and Gown.



in the front row of the dress circle.

"What beauty does such a gown see in a compression that sends her shoulders up into the air and makes her neck face and true look like a boiled lobster, pop her eyes half out of her head and gives her a general appearance of idiocy?" he continues, taking advantage of the fact that the orchestra now gives him an opportunity to speak in his usual tone.

"Hush! do be quiet," I say, "some one will hear you," but my words fall upon unheeding ears, and he rushes madly on, pouring a cascade of invective over the unconscious little dancer who is standing herself and chatting merrily with her companion with an air of satisfaction that seems to make up for any amount of physical discomfort.

"I haven't any use for a girl like that. Suppose she thinks that fellow of hers admires her. Bet he's ashamed of her and would like to crawl through a knot-hole if he could. She's about as ornamental as a bump on a log. If she had a sister wouldn't I use her for a scare-crow in our corn field?"

"You really shall not go on in this way any longer," I whisper at his last outburst. "I came here to enjoy the music, not to listen to a tirade upon feminine vanity. Just wait until after the opera's over, and then you can say what you please, but you cross old boys' ways 'till you get to it, I think," I remark significantly, as I open my libretto and begin studying the argument.

Jim smiles, looks over my shoulder, and we are soon lost in the mazes of a modern opera-plot. Miss Waup passes from our memory, and would, doubtless, never have reappeared but for the fact that just as we are about stepping into the aisle, at the close of the entertainment, the offending creature crosses our path again, brushing hastily past Jim in her anxiety to make an early exit.

"There's manners for you," breaks out my mate companion once more, and there is no calming him now.

"Do wait until we get out of here, and then you can say what you please, and then Jim can say what he likes, and then I'll be in the outer air, and then Jim bows himself in manly strength, grasps the very pillars of the temple of fashion, and down comes every frivolous daughter of the Philistines in the general disaster.

"You women rave about classic beauty," he growls, as we trot rapidly along toward the station. "You trot out your Venus of Milo on all occasions, and demolish every adjective in the language in your effort to describe her lovely form, and then you go and work the reverse lever and bring yourselves up standing, a perfect monstrosity to the eyes of all beholders. What is more inconsistent than a woman?"

"A man," I reply, with a coolness that seems to nettles him for a moment, then the absurdity of such an assertion strikes him, and he bursts into a hearty laugh.

"Yes, a man," I repeat, with additional emphasis. "You've had your say; now I'm going to have mine. I feel that in the

history of the 'Mother Hubbard' wrapper woman has justified herself for all time, and that man stands condemned by all right-minded persons."

I pause for breath, and Jim looks at me in amazement, gets out of step, and waits for me to continue, for evidently there is a look of inspiration in my face that awes him into silence.

"As if to tempt man, in order to see if he were indeed incorruptible, the 'Mother Hubbard' was invented," I say, in oracular tones. "To be sure it had not the classic sweep of the flowing Greek robe, but as man claimed not to care for an ideal, 'looks' was only an admirer of good, common sense and a believer in the motto, 'handsome is that handsome does,' any lack of grace was brought to be more than compensated for by the purely healthful character of the loose garment, hanging from the shoulders innocent of flounces, ruffles and puffs, and allowing the free play of every muscle. A robe fit for Hygieia herself," ejaculated the large-brained woman who invented it. So thought womankind in general, and forthwith it was universally adopted by childhood, youth and old age.

"Oh! what a comfort!" sighed the maiden, as she loosened the long-strained draw-strings and breathed freely for once. "Well, if this isn't a relief!" exclaimed the matron of many cares.

"What a blessing to humanity!" cried the sensible old maid, as she slipped it on in a trice and went about her duties.

"But there was one dissenting voice—one only—and, strange to say, it was a bass one."

"That outrageous looking 'Mother Hubbard'!" roared man. "Take off that slouchy thing! Don't dare to appear in that rig without a string around your waist," and like vituperative remarks saluted the feminine crew from every quarter. Words were joined to blows, however, and she was determined not to relinquish it without a struggle. But she saw it branded with infamy; it became the topic of conversation on street corners, in drawing-rooms, and at the club; postcards ground out its imaginary defects, and the famous column teemed with irony at its expense.

"It was tarred, feathered and ridden on the rail of public ridicule," the fatherly growl stern when their daughters appeared at the breakfast table clad in the tabbies garment. Public opinion—man's opinion—at last ran so high in some of our towns that laws were passed forbidding the wearing of the 'Mother Hubbard' on the streets. Arrests were made to put a stop to the nuisance. At last flesh and blood could bear no more, and with the usual abuse, shame and contumely heaped upon her, woman yielded up the point and the bone of contention was buried forever."

We have reached the station, and I the possession of my speech.

"And now, O man," I cry, looking upward, as we enter the dark building, and stumble over a trunk that besets my victorious path, "dare not cast a single stone of scorn at wasp-like waists or any thing of the sort."

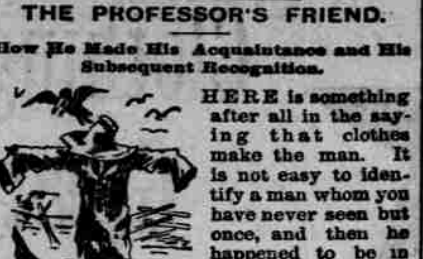
We enter our train. I glance at Jim. He has a plucked look about the mouth and a general appearance of thinness which it is good to see in one of his sex. He gives me a good look at me in one of his, she heavily and

vanishes in the "smoker," leaving me to my pleasant reflections.

JULIA H. TRAYER.

# THE PROFESSOR'S FRIEND.

How He Made His Acquaintance and His Subsequent Reception.



in the front row of the dress circle.

HERE is something after all in the saying that clothes make the man. It is not easy to identify a man whom you have never seen but once, and then he happened to be in the water bathing. One of the professors of the Texas University at Austin can corroborate this assertion if he is questioned on the subject.

He, the professor, recently went to Barton's Springs, a very nice bathing place a few miles from the city, for the commendable and healthy purpose of securing one of nature's restoratives in the form of a bath. Upon arriving at the Springs the professor discovered a man in the water engaged in the same laudable pursuit. He was a fine looking man, the one in the water, wearing long Buffalo Bill hair and a great straw-colored beard. The professor asked, blandly:

"Is the water cold?"

The gentleman splashing about in the spring replied:

"Yes, the temperature is disagreeably glacial, but the cold water is conducive to longevity. You can doubt the fact by the language of Prof. Mackinaw, used by him in his treatise on 'Heat and Cold and Their Relative Influence Upon the Human Body,' or 'Liquor ad nauseam Transi de Frore.'"

"I do not doubt it," the professor, delighted to have found a congenial spirit; "I do remember that work. It contains much sound, logical reasoning."

"Indeed," replied the man in the water, vigorously splashing the cool spray around his person. "It certainly commends itself to the scientist as a work of great originality, impartiality, and possessing the true ring of genius, or, in the words of the great Latin poet, with which you are no doubt familiar: 'Curibus colit curantur le dum ad sum parvum cataplecta.'"

"Do you reside in Austin?" asked the philosophic professor.

"No, I am merely enjoying my midsummer vacation, seeking that beneficial relaxation which will allow me to return to my duties refreshed and invigorated by a short season of abstinence from the seductive wiles of nature's true restorer. You remember what Virgil says: 'De profundis alioquin terra innotuit.'"

The professor was again delighted, and, after giving the man his card, requested the honor of his company at his house that night for tea.

"You will be sure to come, will you?" inquired the professor, turning his head toward the man, remembering that he had an engagement.

"Most assuredly," answered the man. "Nothing would please me better than an hour's chat with you upon some ennobling scientific topic, something which would do us good as elevating and instructive and be, to use the words of Juvenal, 'Littera est solum verum sapientie.' But, I hope I will not be expected to appear in evening dress, for my wardrobe."

"Certainly not, my dear sir. Come just as you are, and, just as you are, of course, but in your ordinary everyday traveling suit."

The hour arrived for the reception of the distinguished guest. The professor was on the porch, and the man in the water was waiting for him at the gate. It was a man. It looked as if it had found a scare-crow—an old back number, last year's scare-crow—and had robbed it of its tattered raiment.

The professor disliked tramps, so, as the ragged, long-haired tramp approached the house, he shouted:

"Go away! Go away! I've got nothing for you. I am satisfied that you are a Johns-ton sufferer, and all that sort of thing, but I haven't got a cent for you. I've got no wood to saw, and nothing is lying around for you to steal."

"Allow me to interrupt you for a moment," said the tramp. "I feel hurt at the way you receive me. You should remember what Horace says—'Suscipite in modo, foris est, et, 'Tunc de M. M. M.' Your language is very different from what it was when we met at the spring this morning, when you invited me to take tea with you."

The professor was horrified. He knew recognized in the tramp the learned gentleman he had met at the springs. He said:

"My friend, the spirit of hospitality prompts me to ask you in, but would you not rather compromise on a dollar?"

"A dollar goes," said the tramp, as he turned with the money in his hand to seek the nearest saloon, ejaculating: "See a miser's nest, you people, in a trice."

BLOOF ATKINS.

The Story of a Man Who Was Born to Poverty.

OVERTY is hereditary with some people, each generation exhibiting it in a higher state of development. The man is industrious and sober; his face grows prematurely old; he is a miser, but the shine of his eyes is not the sparkle of the diamond of hope, but the dull glint of the power of satisfied despair. He owns nothing but the clothes he wears, and he has bought them beyond even his own recollection. Day after day he hears up misfortunes that would make common men despair. The wife is a hatchet-faced woman with thick jowl and sunken cheeks, and a nose so violently turned up that it pulls the upper lip out of position. She fries bacon and quarrels with her husband. Their son is a miniature edition of his father. When he grows up and enters business on his own account his work shows an improvement on that of the parent.

Bloof Atkins' boy was "chinking" the martins that congregated in the gourd hanging to a pole that stood near the door of their hut. The martins were enjoying themselves, which seemed to annoy him.

"Say, my little fellow," called a stranger, from the roadside.

"Say, Mr. Bloof Atkins live here?"

He dismounted and went in.

"Mr. Atkins," he said, "you remember your uncle, Tony Green?"

"I never seed 'im in my life, an' I hain't heard 'im in high order thirty year."

# FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Emperor of Russia imitates Mr. Gladstone. His Majesty is an amateur wood-chopper and spends an hour a day at the exercise.

—When a passenger boards or leaves a horse-car in Germany the conductor touches his hat and says "Good-day." And if the passenger gives him a "tip" of one cent he looks happy for the rest of the trip.

—A Hindoo lecturer in England says that the British have degraded India and her people to the level of beasts, and that tens of thousands die yearly of starvation, and all reports are suppressed.

—Pricking with a bunch of fresh nettles as a cure for anæsthesia, neuralgia and numerous other diseases, has long been practiced by the Russian peasantry, and a native doctor speaks highly of its efficacy.

—The population of Norway exhibits a higher percentage (97.25) of light eyes than any other country in Europe. Flaxen hair occurs in 57.5 per cent, while absolutely black hair is only found in the ratio of 2 per cent.

—Both the Russians and the British, as they push farther and farther into Asia, pay great attention to arboriculture, planting trees, shrubs and flowers wherever they form a settlement. The result is that Central Asia is being reforested.

—The remarkable "Floating Island" of Dorsetshire, England, the periodical appearance of which has given rise to so much speculation, has been declared to be the highest part of a great blister-like upheaval of peat which here forms the bottom of the lake.

—In Sweden, during some hundred years, military training has been introduced in all public schools as part of the daily curriculum. When twenty years old every Swede must serve as soldier for a short period during two years in succession.

—The annual report of the Indian Department of Canada says there are encouraging indications that the Indian element will eventually become amalgamated with the general population of the country. The Indian population of the Dominion is 124,589.

—A Japan paper states that since the United States prohibited Chinese immigration there has been a very perceptible increase in the number of Chinese immigrants to Japan. Recently 486 arrived at Yokohama, and "most of them are now employed in tea-firing godowns at the rate of remuneration which none but Chinese would accept."

—According to the Oakland Echoes one can scarcely be half an hour in Honolulu, keeping one's eyes and ears tolerably wide open, without arriving at full knowledge of the fact that the Hawaiian kingdom is commercially and socially "bossed" by the United States of America, and by the State of California in particular.

—It is said that the Emperor of China is anxious to encourage the building of railroads in his kingdom, but he is surrounded by many obstacles. His priests, astrologers, and advisers of various kinds are afraid of Western civilization, and they employ all manner of devices to keep the young potentate from acting in a progressive way. The astrologers never find the stars favorable to the granting of a railroad franchise.

—A farm-laborer in China is hired by the year, at from \$8 to \$14, with food, clothing, head-shaving and tobacco. From 8 to 10 cents per day, and the noon-day meal for ordinary day's work; but 10 to 20 cents per day, with five meals, or 30 cents per day without food, for planting and harvesting rice. Food averages little more than \$1 a month for each member of a farmer's family.

—Pigeon-flying is growing to be an absorbing amusement in England, particularly among the Birmingham laborers. The spread of the sport has developed quite a new branch of railway traffic. It is the practice of flyers to send their birds in baskets, addressed to the station-master at a particular station, with the request that he release them, mark on a label the time that they were released, and return the label to the flyer.

—The officials rather like the work. In cloudy weather porters have been known to feed birds for three days before setting them free.

PRIVILEGES OF PEERS.

Modern Noblemen Have More Privileges in Theory Than in Reality.

Theoretically a peer has many privileges; practically he has very few. The word peer must be understood to include Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts and Barons; though it is generally understood to include all persons entitled to the prefix of noble or Lord. In common parlance, these are the two prefixes of English nobility. The title of the present Prime Minister is the Marquis of Salisbury, but nine times out of ten he is referred to as Lord Salisbury. That nobleman's old rival, the Earl of Derby, is generally spoken of as Lord Derby, and for every man who speaks of Viscount Wolsley there are at least a score who apply to the hero of Tel-el-Kebir the shorter and more popular prefix "Lord." Lord Tennyson is frequently spoken of, but the poet laureate is really a Baron, and his correct title, to be punctiliously accurate is Alfred, Baron Tennyson. In other words, almost every peer with lower precedence than a Duke is familiarly spoken of as "Lord," a striking evidence of the growing carelessness of the public as to titles; and it is needless to add that peers themselves are much too jealous of their privileges and titles to be guilty of such a disregard of discrimination.

The only persons who, to be strictly according to Burke, should be addressed as "Lord" are the younger sons of peers who are entitled to the prefix before both Christian and surname. Thus, by courtesy, a young brother of the present Duke of Marlborough is known as Lord Randolph Churchill, and the son of the Duke of Devonshire who was murdered in Phoenix Park, was Lord Frederick Cavendish. The personal privilege which used to be most highly

valued was the right of a peer of the realm to demand a trial by a jury of his peers if charged with treason or felony. Such trials, however, are of very rare occurrence and the privilege amounts to very little. It is largely responsible for the ancient saying about there being one law for the rich and another for the poor, especially as in times gone by a peer had to be wealthy, and was even dispossessed of his title if his fortune fell below what was considered the nobleman's minimum.

Among the other privileges of the individual is freedom from arrest in civil actions and the exemption of the person from attachment. To-day this does not amount to much, as arrest in civil suits is a very rare occurrence, but it was different in the old imprisonment-for-debt days, when the privilege was often extremely convenient. It is quite commonly supposed that a peer can not be arrested by the police for a criminal offense, but this is an error, and of late years several noblemen have been "run in" for misdemeanors. Exemption from jury service is often a more valuable privilege, and a peer has also the right to sit in any court of justice with his hat on, a right, it is needless to add, that few noblemen are caddish or idiotic enough to take advantage of. The Barons of the Kingsdale possess, in addition, the right in perpetuity of sitting in the presence of royalty with the novel covered. In an American novel there is an amusing reference to a nobleman who was granted the right to sit in the presence of the King, and it is to be presumed the author had the Kingsdale privilege in his mind when he penned his little satire.

There are few other privileges possessed by peers. They may, under certain circumstances, decline to be sworn, pledging their honor instead of their oath, and it is still, according to the statute books, a most serious offense to criticize or malign a peer. But the old *scandalum magnatum*, described by Blackstone, is partially a dead letter, and it is now good form for a peer to treat his traducers with silent contempt. American visitors often express astonishment at the barrenness of the honor of peerage, and possibly some readers may imagine that noblemen are in receipt of some kind of remuneration. Such is not the case. There are many sinecure offices connected with politics which are always, or nearly always, given to peers, but the salary often falls to come up to the expenses. Even the granting of a peerage does not involve a royal or national grant. Some peers owe their titles to the immortality of certain female ancestors, and still draw pensions in part payment for their great-grandmother's shame; others, the Marlboroughs for example, draw pensions as a result of a nation's gratitude to a successful General. But, speaking generally, a peerage is a source of expense and not of revenue. No man will accept peerage unless he is comparatively wealthy. Hence, a peer is often a peer because he or his ancestors were blessed with plenty of this world's goods, but it is to confuse cause and effect to imagine that a peerage involves wealth. It is often just the other way.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PIRGIMRAGE TO MECCA.

It is incumbent on All Good Moslems to Perform It Once at Least.

Every year thousands upon thousands of pious believers in the name of Mohammed desert their homesteads and wend their way, both by land and by sea, toward the country that saw the birth of their religion and witnessed the miraculous deeds of their arch-prophet. From China, India and Persia; from every quarter of the Turkish Empire; from Egypt, Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers and Morocco; from Zanzibar and Senegal; from Kurdistan and Afghanistan; from the Soucan and the great Sahara, multitudes from many other places whose existence we Europeans are but dimly conscious of, they throng—mostly poor, ignorant and dirty, but devout and determined in their purpose. They are pilgrims to the holy cities of Arabia, Mecca and Medina, and to reach them they starve themselves for years to save up sufficient money to defray their expenses and endure horrible privations by the way. They commit themselves to the mercies of the vast and awe-inspiring sea, dreaded by all true Easterners. They risk being robbed by the Bedouins or killed by the heat—and all with an amount of phlegm and good humor which is most sublime. Whatever happens to them they can't mind. God will provide for them, and should they die on their way out they will be received all the more readily into the mansions and the arms of the voluptuous hours already provided for each one of them by their much-beloved prophet in the seven-storied paradise of Islam. Last year (1888) the Great Hadj, or principal day, when all the pilgrims have to unite in worship at Mecca, took place on Friday, August 17. It usually occurs about this time, but the exact date varies, and is fixed annually by the religious authorities at Mecca. It is incumbent on all good Moslems to perform this pilgrimage at least once, if they can afford it. Many perform it several times, and some make a business of it and hire themselves out as substitutes for others, for a pilgrimage by proxy is considered to be as effective as one performed in person, provided that the person in whose behalf it is performed be dead. No one can hire a substitute during his lifetime, but he may leave a provision to that effect in his will. This pilgrimage must not be considered in the light of a penance, after which the Hadji is to receive a plenary indulgence for past sins. It is an ordinance of the religion of Islam, as the same nature of our Eucharist, whereby the believer is supposed to be brought into closer communion for the time being with the Deity.—Cornhill Magazine.

—"Keep to the left" is a sign to be found upon all French highways as a caution to drivers.

# THE VIRGINIA NIGHTMARE.

The Coming Struggle Between Mahoneism and Common Decency.

The unanimous nomination of Mahone for Governor of Virginia makes a sharply-defined issue between Mahoneism and decency, and the campaign will be a hot one. The nomination removes all doubts of Democratic solidarity. The Democrats who, being engaged in the tobacco business, think the first reduction of Federal taxes should be on tobacco, will forget their differences with those who advocate immediate reduction of tariff taxes. No man alive can bring more straight Democratic votes to the polls in Virginia than Mr. Mahone. His nomination of himself under such circumstances is characteristic of the man. He is as pugnacious as he is dictatorial. By nominating himself he humiliates his enemies in his own party and infuriates the Democrats. It is not probable that he expects election, but the fight will give him the keenest enjoyment.

The platform on which he was nominated is such a studied and elaborate jumble of incompatible ideas that it is more suggestive of nightmare than of anything else. It glorifies Virginia and calls for Federal interference in its politics; it indorses the Confederacy and supports the Union; it denounced the Democrats for giving office to "ex-cavalry brigadiers and the like" rather than to farmers, while General Mahone and his brigadiers were waiting to be nominated on it; it is in favor of every thing every body wants, from the free coinage of silver to exemption from working the roads; it is bitterly opposed to every thing every body does not like to do, from paying inconvenient debts to getting the worst of a bargain. It is for high taxes and low taxes. It wants Federal tariff taxes kept up and Virginia State taxes kept down, and if there is any thing else it has failed to favor or oppose, whether it is free school books and "fostering care" for the oyster beds on the one hand, or bad roads and immorality on the other, it must have been omitted only because the platform committee was too drunk to think of it.

Or, if we reject this charitable view, we must account for the platform as a piece of pure Mahoneism; an attempt, to appeal at the same time to ex-Confederates and negroes. This makes it ludicrous—a very "Snark" of a platform, to unravel which is an attempt attended by the same difficulties described by the doggerel bard in writing of his encounter with that inconsequential creature of indigestion:

Every night after dark  
I struggle with the Snark.  
In a dream, delicious fight;  
And I serve him with greens  
In the shadowy scenes,  
And I use him for striking a light.

This suggests but does not limit the possibilities of this creation of Mahoneism—the Virginia nightmare. It will cut no figure in the fight, for the issue is Mahone, and the Virginia Democrats lose all sense of humor when the question is for or against Mahone. They will undoubtedly defeat him by a majority that ought to dispose of him finally.

In the meantime the demand is made for "the full recognition of the civil and political equality of this (Mahone) party, its organization and its constituents by the National party and Administration," which must mean that President Harrison must send Tanner and Blocks-of-Five Dudley down to assist in making good the platform guarantees of "full sympathy and succor for the disabled Confederate, or the widow or orphan of dead Confederate soldiers."—St. Louis Republic.

# THAT PENSION RULING.

Business Will Hereafter Stand the Deserter for a Pardonable Disease.

Unterrified by the remarkable July statement of the public debt, which sounded the knell of the surplus and gave warning of pension payments far beyond the regular appropriations of Congress, the sub-official Bussey has republished the ancient edict of the Republican party, that dishonorable discharge from the Union armies shall not prejudice the cause of an applicant for pension.

This detestable ruling was overthrown with the entry of an honest administration under General Black. It does not seem possible that anybody save a thief, and he the thief in direct interest, should believe that a soldier dishonorably discharged, an enemy of his country, a man whose abilities were directed against the service—that such a man could under any conceivable circumstances be entitled to the gratitude of his country and the comforts of a liberal hand.

Yet such is the decision of Bussey, upholding Tanner, who, after the recent whitewash, gleams white as an archangel.

The Herald, in denouncing this decision, rests its faith on the honor and patriotism of the soldiers who put down the rebellion. For the characters who deserted, who accepted bounties at one rendezvous only to seek another place of enlistment, who carried news to the enemy, who betrayed their comrades, or who, in any other unquestioned way repaid the disgrace of dishonorable discharge, there should be enduring hostility rather than dishonest subvention. Because thieves have votes, Bussey and Tanner would not only keep them out of jail, but furnish them a gratuitous Federal support. Because the men crippled by the war are already on the pension rolls, the surplus-reducers, now in the interest of war tariff and war expenses, send word for all the deserters to swear to a chronic disease and come a-running. So long as Tanner and Bussey may be in the Treasury, and the organized "soldier element" can be kept in the Republican fold, laziness will stand the deserter for a dire and pardonable disease.

The Government spent \$31,000,000 in July, the greater part for pensions. The proportion of bogus pensions, encouraged by a profligate Congress and irresponsible Republican conventions, grows at a rate that would be incredible if we did not have the debt statement of July, 1889. And Bussey, keeping in mind the forthcoming campaign of the Grand Army, reserves his

# AFTER THE NORTH POLE.

Dr. Nansen, the Greenland Explorer, to Head a Polar Expedition.

An expedition with the purpose of reaching the North Pole will set out for Norway next year. There is plenty of money behind the enterprise. Mr. Gamel, the merchant who fitted out the little party which crossed Greenland last summer under Dr. Nansen, is its chief capitalist. About \$100,000 has been subscribed and more can be had if needful. Dr. Nansen has accepted the command and for the next few months he will be a busy young man. He has to write a book on his adventures in Greenland, to be published in Europe and this country. He has to superintend building a stout little vessel for the North Pole.

Dr. Nansen says there is only one route by which the North Pole can be reached and that route he intends to take; but for the present he declines to speak more precisely on this important question. It is learned from other sources, however, that he hopes to reach a higher point on the east coast of Greenland than that attained by the German expedition, and then advance along the coast to Lockwood's farthest point, practically completing the mapping of Greenland's coast-line, and thence finally start over the frozen sea to the pole.

Many expeditions to the white north have spent about as much energy in securing their retreat as in diminishing the distance between themselves and the pole. It is Nansen's idea that the only way to go to the pole is to go there or perish in the attempt. He says he will waste no time in securing his retreat. An old Norse proverb, "There is before us only Heaven or hell," is his motto. He will establish no base of operations, but push for the pole. He remarked in London the other day that he expected it would be "the North Pole or death," but he added incidentally that it might be the west coast of Greenland. It is quite certain that after his northern explorations he hopes to cross Greenland in his broadest part to the west coast settlements, having learned in his recent trip that the difficulties of this ice-bound country can be overcome by skill and determination. He does not expect to land on the east coast till autumn next year, and the following season will be spent in explorations.

The North-Pole quest is a mania that will probably afflict daring young spirits, eager for Arctic laurels, until the goal has been reached and photographed. If it is ever attained it will probably be by a small expedition of picked men in charge of a leader like Nansen, who has plenty of dash, vigor, strength and intelligence. If next season proves to be an unfavorable one the expedition may return to await a more hopeful occasion; but if Nansen, finely equipped, has such a chance to steam as far north as Leigh Smith enjoyed on some of his trips to Franz Josef's Land he will be likely to make a notable Arctic journey, whether he fetches the pole or not.—N. Y. Sun.

# THE WORLD OF FASHION.

Costumes, Jewelry and Accessories As Tested by Society Women.

Diamonds inserted in the ivory are now seen in miniature portrait jewelry.

A large white pearl held between the nippers of a realistic crab is a recent design for lace pins.

Initials formed by sprays of gold backed enamel forget-me-nots are lace pins recently seen at the watering places.

A gold, ruby-eyed snake, coiled around the head of a tortoise-shell hair-pin, attracts considerable attention from lovers of the unique.

Diamonds, rubies and sapphires formed into three-leaf clovers on the surface of a dull gold match-box are costly, but effective decoration.

Slippers are adorned with a band of tulle fastened with a bow on the shoulder, and do not leave the arm quite so exposed as was lately the fashion.

Short skirts are mounted with large, flat plaits at the back, and either slightly gathered in front or quite flat on a cross-cut piece, with a piping or corded edge.

A floral bonnet has a coronal of corn flowers and a spray of buttercups garlanding it—A Tuscan straw folded into a close shape, and girl with bow and strings of narrow green velvet.

Another example of the extremes to which the prevailing taste for odd jewelry is tending is a representation in diamonds of the common garden slug, as homely a worm as ever grew.

Etched grotesque Japanese figures of storks and celestial warriors, apparently performing a dance of victory, are executed in a recently-produced silver jewel box, with great minuteness.

A dainty little capote is a tiny shape of brown crinoline, with a cascade of cream lace in front, fastened in by a butterfly arrangement formed of the wing-feathers of some little brown bird.

White gauze dresses embroidered in colors are still more elegant and altogether more dainty; they are also made up very much in the same way and trimmed with a profusion of bows or ribbons.

A peacock's feather formed of diamonds makes a handsome and artistic aigrette. The round picturesque spots for which the plumage of this bird is remarkable are imitated by small diamonds circling stones of larger size.

Another charming bonnet, with a touch of quaintness to boot, is of close shape, pointed in front, in white straw, and trimmed with a bow of black lace, run through with the straw in lines, and a cluster of large black wheat ears with straw-colored and green stalks and leaves.

Young ladies very generally favor the plaited bodice in the "reserviste" style, with three round plaits in the middle of each back and front, and fitted round the waist with a belt of gros-grain ribbon. A small rolled-up collar forms a dainty finish to the bodice, with the regatta cravat.—St. Louis Republic.

# SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

The Republican candidate for Governor of New Jersey is E. Burd Grubb. If his first name isn't Early it ought to be.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Protectionist Commercial Bulletin, of Boston, has got so far as to say that the cause of the recent heavy failures in the worsted and woolen industries is that "they are handicapped by the high tariff."—Providence Journal.

In his feeble, idiotic way Mr. Russell Harrison seems to be doing his best to bring the Republican institution into disrepute among the bottlenecked